The Liberalist

Volume XXX DECEMBER, 1953 Number 9

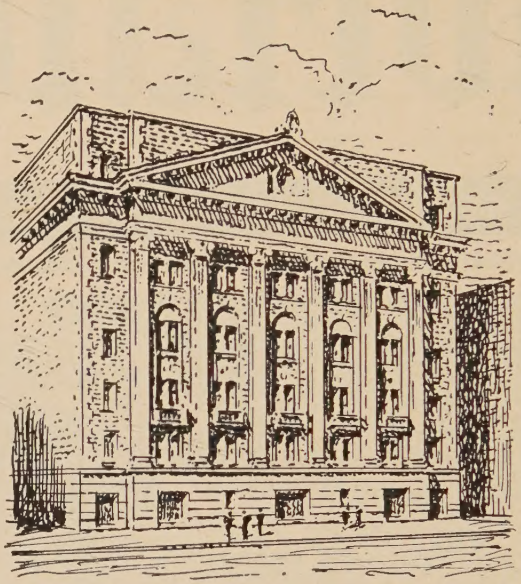
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Childlike Heart

The Christmas star burns overhead
Above our homes tonight;
Its gleaming, golden rays are shed
From stern, majestic height.

Yet even humble doors may part
To let that clear light in,
For Christ has taught the childlike heart
That God and man are kin.

—Ellen Weston Catlin



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

I was speaking recently to the editor of one of the national magazines. As we were discussing the difficulties of publishing a monthly magazine, he said to me, "One of our great difficulties is, we have to have our material ready so far in advance. We are always concerned lest when it finally appears it will be out-dated." In the course of our conversation he also said, "Our articles and stories for the December number are usually written in July and we have to decide about them and whether to accept or reject them sometime during the month of August. It is quite a challenge to decide on a Christmas story or a Christmas article during the month of August." I can appreciate his difficulty and frequently share the dilemma with him. As I write these words in early November, with Thanksgiving Day still to come, I find it a little difficult to get into the Christmas mood.

* * *

There is no day in all the year for which more preparation is necessary in order to express the full significance of the day than Christmas. The fact of the matter is that every day throughout the whole year should be a day of preparation. We cannot greet Christmas morning with our hearts flooded with joy and happiness unless all of the days which have preceded it have been lived beautifully and well. Happiness is not achieved by merely saying "I am going to be happy today," or "I want Christmas Day to be happy." It is not as simple as that. Happiness is never a thing. It is not something we can just reach out and, by the exercise of our desires, experience. Happiness is always a by-product. Happiness is the result of something which has preceded the experience of happiness. That is why those who would enjoy the full beauty of the Christmas Day should plan and work for it many, many days before Christmas.

Our modern emphasis on the materialistic things of life in the yuletide season robs many people of the happiness of Christmas. We defeat the very thing we are trying to create. All of the hectic, hurried activity of the few days preceding Christmas brings many people to the day itself in a state of exhaustion and irritability. They have defeated the very thing which they worked so hard to attain. That is why Christmas shopping, the sending of Christmas cards, the letters that have too long gone unwritten, the many little things which we desire to do and which the spirit of Christmas inspires us to perform—all these things, if compressed into a few days of time, can't help but prevent us from the full appreciation of Christmas Day itself.

I know that we have been told and warned and advised and cajoled about these things many, many years and yet, year after year we make the same old delays, the same postponements, the same excuses, and never profit by the experiences of the past. How many times do I hear people say, as I meet them the latter part of October and the first of November, when the first awareness that Christmas is not too far away begins to dawn on them, "Well, this year I am going to take time; I am going to do my Christmas shopping early; I am going to get it all done and over with and then I can enjoy Christmas." I suppose that statement has been used in connection with Christmas as much as any other. I

am sure perhaps you, who will be reading these lines, may have said the same thing many a time, in many a year before Christmas Day dawned. I wonder if this year has been or will be an exception for you, so you can come to Christmas Day rested instead of tired, with poise instead of jitteriness, and with a heart full of love and peace.

I shall never forget the little poem by Grace Noll Crowell which Jimmy used to recite so beautifully just prior to the Christmas season, about

"I shall do my little errands
of love early this year."

When I get through with this article I am going to read it over again and try to take some of my own advice, for although every day is a crowded day for me, I want to come to Christmas morning with a heart and a mind receptive to the most beautiful truth ever revealed to humanity: that love is eternal and the greatest thing in the world is the gift of love.

* * *

As this is the last number of our church magazine for the year, I express to every reader our great appreciation and continuing gratitude for your help, interest and inspiration. I hear from many of you during the month. Your letters of comment and constructive criticism are always welcome. It is always inspiring for me to meet the people as I travel about the country who say "Well, I take the Liberalist." I feel right away there is a bond between us.

Our church has had a most remarkable year—one of the best in our long history. Our congregations have been large and responsive. We have been able to meet all of our financial demands, even though we had the added expense of several thousand dollars in re-decorating, re-finishing the seats and the woodwork, inside and out, and some necessary expense in repairing damages to the roof, and acquiring two new, beautiful outdoor signs. All of these things brought unusual demands, but they have all been met due to the gracious and magnanimous support of the people. As the year closes, I am grateful beyond adequate expression for all that the year has brought to me and all that it has meant to our church.

The Christmas Season is always somewhat of a nostalgic time for me. The day has always been a home day in my home. Around it cluster the most beautiful memories of life, and with the devotion and co-operation, understanding and love which were brought into our home with the coming of June, we have been able to re-establish many of the lovely customs which I have known for many, many years, and we do it all in the memory of those we have "loved and lost awhile."

June and I send our deepest expressions of gratitude and the most vital best wishes we can project that you and yours will have a holiday season of climactic happiness and unbounding joy, and may the year ahead be one in which your hopes and dreams shall come nearer to achievement and realization. It is the lure of the future which holds us all in its power, and if we try to speak the kindly word, ease the burden which another is finding rather heavy, give little evidences of kindness and consideration as we go along the highway of these years, we will find that peace which this world cannot convey neither can it remove. That peace comes only with sacrifice, with kindness, with considerateness, with appreciation and with love.

* * *

During the winter, as I go along the way, I meet many people who have been to Europe the past summer, or who have visited it at some previous

time. While I am always interested to get their reactions, to hear their opinions and to talk over with them the beauty of the scenery and the impressiveness of the historic places and buildings, I invariably ask them "Have you ever been to Ireland?" It is amazing the number of people who go to Europe and who never visit Ireland. To me this is almost unaccountable. Everyone talks about Ireland: the characteristics and quality of the Irish people are known to everyone. In almost every hamlet and village of this nation there are people who have relatives in Ireland and who have descended from people who were born in Ireland. Everywhere you go you run into the Irish. I suppose that Ireland is as well known to the American people as any other place outside of their own country: the Irish songs and ballads we all sing. I don't know how many times during the season I sit at a banquet table and invariably in the community singing will be heard "My Wild Irish Rose." Everyone seems to have a little sentimental place in their affections for Ireland. It is a little like Mark Twain's observation that "Everyone talks about the weather but no one seems to do anything about it." So it is with Ireland: Everyone talks about Ireland; everyone knows someone who is Irish; everyone is familiar with the characteristics of the Irish, and yet thousands and thousands of Americans go to Europe every year and never visit Ireland. What a pity!

After having been to Europe many, many times I can say without reservation that I would never go to the other side of the Atlantic without visiting Ireland. There are other places on the other side which I love and I have many dear friends scattered over Europe, England, Scotland and Wales, all of whom grow increasingly precious to me as the years pass, but I could never go to Europe without visiting one of the most picturesque, interesting, lovable, scenic, historic, cultural and romantic places in all the world—Ireland. I am quite sure this is not because I am of Irish ancestry, but because, through many visits to Ireland, both in the north and in the south, in the east and in the west, I have learned to love the Irish people.

It is very easy for Americans to visit Ireland. There are fine, first-class ships of the United States line, the Cunard line, the Grecian line and others which regularly stop at Irish ports. Cobh, Ireland, the southern Irish port, only a few miles from Cork and Dublin, is only five and a half days from New York. The much-loved ship "America," the famous "Mauretania," the "Brittanic" and other fine ships all stop at Cobh. It is so easy to visit the west coast of Ireland: Tipperary, Limerick, Glengarrif, Galway; while, going north from Dublin, straight through to the Giant's Causeway, visiting Belfast and all the lovely County Antrim, with its romantic glens—oh, it is all beautiful.

Dublin is one of the most interesting cities in all Europe: its great university, Trinity College, Dublin; and Queen's College, Belfast, have contributed to the educational, cultural and professional life of the entire world. The oldest universities in Europe are in Ireland. The ancient culture of Ireland surpasses much that passes for present culture. While to me there is no more beautiful coast than the Antrim coast and every year I go all the way from Belfast to Ballintoy, and every mile of the way is a delight to the eye and an inspiration to the soul. But all this would not be enough. And when one has paid tribute to the physical beauty of Ireland one has told but a part of the story, for the people constitute the main attraction. The hospitality, the

graciousness, the manner in which they take you into their hearts and lives is unprecedented. With all consideration and recognition of this fine quality among other peoples of Europe, none surpass the warmth, love and kindness of the Irish heart.

I shall never forget one lovely afternoon last summer. June and I were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Agnew, the distinguished minister of our church in Belfast, and my friend for many years. Perhaps many of you may remember the occasion of his preaching for me in our pulpit in Chicago. We were their guests for a few days on their summer holiday at a lovely hotel on the cliffs overlooking the sea at Cushendun. Dun is the name of the river that runs through the glen and empties into a beautiful ribbon of rippling water right opposite the hotel. Dr. Agnew and Isobel are devotees of fly fishing, and as both of us love to fly fish, Dr. Agnew suggested that we would go up the Dun River in Glen Dun for some late afternoon fishing. June and I had no tackle with us, so we used the tackle belonging to the Agnews. About four or five miles up the river we stopped, walked across a rather rickety, narrow, wooden bridge, capable of holding only one person at a time. We were soon on the other side, our tackle assembled and were casting our flies as the shadows of evening deepened. The fish were not rising, although Doctor took one, and it soon became too dark to see our lure. Walking back across the bridge I saw smoke curling from a little Irish farmhouse. I said "I wish I could visit that home." Dr. Agnew said "I know them well. I visit here most every time I come up fishing." We walked a few yards up the narrow road and there it was, in the shadows—a typical Irish farmhouse, whitewashed stone walls, thatched roof, and even though it was quite dark there was no light. Soon Doctor shouted "Hi, there, anybody home?" Immediately voices said "Yes," and to the door came the members of the family.

They were seated around one of the most romantic little fires on this earth —a peat fire, and open grate. The cottage had a stone floor, but it was clean and inviting. We were asked in. Soon a light was made, the fire was stirred into renewed activity and we sat around the peat fire with that family, remote from railroads, telephone, electric light, and the evening made an imperishable memory on our hearts. It was the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. James McCormick, and was called "Brocklaghs," and the address was Glen Dun, Cushendun, County Antrim, North Ireland. The family had lived in this home for generations. It was composed of five children. Mary, Amy, Frances, Patrick and Margaret. The children are all above the teen-age group. Two of the girls, as I remember, were away at school. There were three children home. The son, Patrick, a lad about 19, although I am not sure of his age, and his father had been dipping sheep all day. Their little farm consisted of 30 acres, there amid the rocks and the difficult soil.

The first thing they did was to make a cup of tea, boiling the water on the peat fire—a cup of tea that we shall always remember as a culinary delight, for I have never had a better one. With it they served bread and butter, and the bread was the flat, soda bread, which was baked on the hearth. There we sat together, eating bread and butter and drinking tea until long after midnight. We could not have been entertained more graciously by royalty itself. The sparkle of their wit, these hard-working, sacrificing people, sending out into the world their young

(*Continued on page* 20)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

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EDITORIAL

THE creative work of the world is never done by negative personalities. It is never done by people who emphasize the importance of mere criticism. It is never done by people who are filled with envy and jealousy when they see another succeed. The person who emphasizes the negative attitude has already started to disintegrate. Much of the physical difficulty we complain of in our bodies is the result of a disturbance or defect in the psychical personality. There is many a person being penalized in their physical personality because they have developed a negative attitude toward life.

One of the things that immediately suggests to me that a person is becoming a positive personality is when that person gets ready to cheer for someone else. When you begin to see the virtues in people instead of their vices; when you know there are evil things you could say, but you refuse to say them, and in their place you find the good things, then I know you are becoming a positive personality.

The thing that endears me more than any other thing to the memory of my father is the fact that I never recall his speaking ill of anyone. When someone was being talked about in his presence, if my father couldn't say something good about them, he said nothing. He would always try his best to find something good to say. I have no memory of my father ever uttering a word that would hurt the heart of another.

Do you know what I think that is? I think it's religion. I think it's Christianity. It is the very heart and soul of everything that is worthwhile in what we call Christianity.

Some people always look in the closet to see what they can dig up. I think it would be a far finer world if we would let the closet doors stay shut. Some people only enjoy looking in the closets of a house. Well, is your own clothes closet always in apple-pie order and ready for inspection?

The encouraging thing about it is, we can always start changing a negative personality to a positive one. Just find a great loyalty to which you can give your heart and soul—a great cause—a great purpose—a great enthusiasm! Doors will open up; opportunities will come; a solution to your problems will unfold!

Don't be a victim of life. Create life! Make out of it, under the inspiration of God and the great example of Christ, and the other noble hearts and souls of the world who have been affirmative, a beautiful experience.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

In The Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence Avenue

Wednesday, December 2, in the Church Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.
Book Lecture, Oscar Tarkov's "Bravo My Monster"

Sunday, December 6, Dr. Bradley's morning subject: "Do Your Christmas Thinking Early."
Evening subject will be announced.

Monday, December 7, in Anderson Hall, 1:00 p.m.
Woman's Club. Art Department. "Opera at 8:30" Barre Hill, Director

Tuesday, December 8, in Anderson Hall, 8:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club presents "The Beauty of Switzerland." Ethel Wells Smalley will give a Travel Chat and show Kodachrome Slides of her recent trip.

Wednesday, December 9, in the Church Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.
Book Lecture, H. L. Nunn's "Whole Man Goes to Work"

Thursday, December 10, Christmas Party of The Peoples Church Chorus Choir

Sunday, December 13, Dr. Bradley's morning subject: "The Festival of the Hearth."
A Christmas Symphony. Evening subject to be announced.

Sunday, December 13, in Anderson Hall, 4:00 p.m.
Uptown Players Drama Tea, presenting the Jack and Jill Players. Mystery drama "Nine Girls," by Wilfrid H. Pettitt, directed by Franklin W. Adams, Director

Wednesday, December 16, in the Church Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.
Book Lecture, Henry Drummond's "The Greatest Thing in the World"

Friday, December 18, in Anderson Hall, 7:30 p.m. Christmas Party of Church School

Sunday, December 20, in the Church Auditorium, 11:00 a.m.
Christmas Sunday Sermon. Dr. Bradley's subject: "It's a Surprise!"
In the evening at 7:00 o'clock, in the Church Auditorium
Annual Candle Light Service by Children of the Church School and Christmas Play, "The Enchanted Christmas Tree" presented by the Jack and Jill Players, Franklin W. Adams, Director
Candle Light Service and Play to be repeated Monday night

Monday, December 21, in Anderson Hall, 1:00 p.m.
Woman's Club Christmas Party, Veterans and Volunteers Department
In the Church Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.
Candle Light Service and Christmas Play repeated

Wednesday, December 23, in the Church Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.
Christmas Book Lecture—Henry van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man"

Thursday, December 24, in the Church Auditorium, 11:00 p.m.
Christmas Eve Service. Dr. Bradley's subject: "The Childlike Heart"

Sunday, December 27, in the Church Auditorium
New Year's Sunday. Dr. Bradley's subjects:
11:00 a.m.—"The Land of Beginning Again"
7:00 p.m.—"The Past Year and the Next!"

Wednesday, December 30—No book lecture will be given between Christmas and New Year's

Thursday, December 31, In the Church Auditorium, 11:00 p.m.
Annual Watch Night Service. Dr. Bradley's subject:
"Farewell and Hail!"

"THE CHURCH AND SPIRITUAL CULTURE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, October 4, 1953

I NEVER go to the City of London, in England, but what I visit one of the most beautiful and one of the most famous and historic places of worship in this world, the ancient St. Paul's Cathedral. Many of you in the congregation, and many of you listening have probably been within its sacred precincts. There are buried in its crypts some of the great men of English history. But there is one crypt that I always visit, and there is one tomb I always stand by for a few moments as I express, most inadequately, but nevertheless quite sincerely, my appreciation for his contribution to the culture and to the spiritual vitality of mankind, for in that tomb slumbers Sir Christopher Wren.

Sir Christopher Wren was not only a great architect, he was one of the last grand masters of the ancient right of free masonry, in the operative masonry, and Sir Christopher Wren has left the impact of his artistic creativeness, particularly in the field of ecclesiastical architecture, upon every church spire that was ever constructed since he lived and worked. You will find it so as you travel about our own country, in every village where there is a little white church with a little steeple, which is the symbol of man's aspiration toward God. That was the meaning of the symbol of the steeple in all ecclesiastical architecture. And the ancient buildings of some of the ancient invaders of Great Britain, and in other spots of the Continent, with the old square towers, *were not* the symbols of the kind of attitude of people toward religion that came after the church spire became the symbol. The spire, reaching out to its point at the top, is the beginning of infinity! Infinity! And meaning aspiration! And the towers and spires of Sir Christopher Wren, being the great architect he was, have influenced every church building to follow that architecture ever since he lived.

Now it's a tremendous thing to have lived the kind of a life that leaves an indelible impression upon the culture and the spiritual life of mankind long after one has passed away. Is there any greater tragedy in this world than living the kind of a life that will never touch posterity with an upward impulse? Is there any deeper tragedy in this world than being granted this beautiful privilege of having life; of having lived; of having had a name, and affection, and the enjoyment of life; of having known friends and loved ones; of living life—being granted the privilege of living life, and then impregnate it with selfishness, with greed, hurting and marring life, so that when you have left life and your own opportunity with life is no longer, there's hardly any little place in the world that will remember you with gladness. I know of no greater tragedy than the tragedy of living a selfish, self-centered, smug, satisfied-with-one's-self life! I don't think there is any greater tragedy! And yet, there are countless millions of people today who are immersed in the satiation of self and their own appetites and their own advance

and their own success and all the other things of life that don't really matter. And when they have passed away, there is grief in a few hearts, and a few hearts only. I am always saddened by such an experience, and it is a frequent experience with me, more frequent than I wish it were.

I had a funeral not too long ago of a man who had lived in the City of Chicago for 62 years and there were 7 people at his service! I never knew him, but I just wondered about it as I tried to speak words of comfort and help to the one or two who were there—and who didn't grieve very deeply at his funeral—I just wondered about a man who could live 62 years in the City of Chicago and have but 7 people come to say goodbye! There's something unutterably tragic about that—something unutterably tragic! Life, lived so that when we leave it there will not be a vacant place against the skyline of someone's life.

In a world that needs help and needs encouragement and needs everything as our tortured and bewildered world needs it today, it is tragic if one cannot find something to do to help it! With slums all about us, with poverty, crime, tragedy, heartache, war, all about us—everywhere in the world, can't we find some contribution to make? So many individuals who could do something to help.

On this Dedication Sunday, when I look back across these 27 years in which this building has been ours, this building we have learned to love—where I have stood before this pulpit and watched youth walk down the aisles to the marriage ceremony; where I have stood and given names to more than a thousand little babies, and where I have stood when we have brought our beloved dead to rest here, as yours and mine have rested here, in this, which is to us a sacred place—sometimes I think that the reason we have all this trouble in the world, and the reason way behind the highly objective reason that is usually associated with the causes of trouble and with war, is no further away than our own hearts! I think the reason there is so much war in the world is because there is so much war in the individual heart; the reason why there is so much bad thinking in the world—twisted, chaotic and confused thinking—is because we haven't learned to think at all, with our hearts. We keep it all in our minds, and we deify the scholastic and the academic, and we forget about the heart! Men and women who have war in their hearts help to create war in the world! We must get the hate and the anxiety and war and confusion out of our own hearts—then we'll get it out of the world! We are the little microcosms of the cosmos—your hearts and mine; we are the center of that cosmos—your heart and mine, and before we can do things objectively by United Nations and world courts and international organizations and political mechanics, and all the rest of the machinery by which man is seeking peace, we must first create peace in our own hearts! And the reason there is so much discord and hate and turmoil in the world is because it is first in our own hearts!

To me, a church, to be a church, must be more than a building. Obviously a church is not a building—I have no misconception about that—a church is not merely a building, any more than a house is a home! I know lots of houses, some of them are beautiful and spacious, but they're not homes! Some little one-room apartment where love is, may be more of a home than a mansion—and often is! Merely because a church has a

building doesn't mean it's a church! The physical church is the temple; the building is the house, but it isn't the church—the church is first in your hearts! That's where the church is! And that's where the altar is! And we can have all the external objective reality of religion in ecclesiasticism and in denominationalism and in creed and in dogma and if we haven't found the Ecclesia—the Greek word for "church" which was used in the New Testament in the Arabic Ecclesia—the spirit of love, it isn't a church! It may have a cross so high that it parts the skies; it may be so famous the whole world talks about it; it may have stained-glass windows that cost thousands of dollars; it may have expensive mahogany pews; it may have all the physical grandeur of the artists and the poets and the architects, but if all the beauty is external it isn't a church! It is only when the beauty is inside that it's a church! And that's the spirit I would like to have our Peoples Church possess, and I think it does—to a great degree!

We have had, through these years, members and friends and workers and personalities so wonderful that I can see them as I stand in this pulpit today; I can see them seated in these seats; I clasp their hands after a service, hands that are now cold in the silence of a tomb; I long for voices, a dear one to call one's name again, and in all this it isn't a house, it isn't a building, although it's sacred to me—it's the church in our hearts, the love there, the beauty there, the truth there!

I know a church without a stained-glass window; without a three hundred thousand dollar Skinner organ; without a carpeted floor—and it's the loveliest church I know! It's a little bit of a cottage out in Belvidere. I went to church in that church the other day. I go 50 and 75 miles out of my way to attend that church everytime I'm anywhere near it. I went to that church the other day, on my way to Rockford. That church has no beautiful music; that church has just one little soul who is the preacher and the spirit of the church! And as I stood by her bedside the other day, where she has been for 53 years, for she has not walked in 53 years—and some of us think that we have difficulties; 53 years on her back has Miss May Ferguson been in that church, that little church—and what do you think she said to me the other day? After all these 53 years of being an invalid—she is now losing her sight and must spend the rest of the time, before long perhaps, in darkness, which will not be darkness to her at all, it will be light. As I left she said to me: "Dr. Bradley, you know, I think this growing dimness of vision that now is mine is just one more lesson that I have to learn before I go!" One more lesson we have to learn! Perhaps every heartache and every tear; perhaps every loss that you and I have ever known; perhaps every disappointment and every frustration; perhaps while we have seen others strive on and on to great success and great fame and great influence and great power, and we stayed quietly in the ranks of life; perhaps every disappointment that we have ever had was just one more lesson we had to learn! And if we can learn that lesson well, somewhere in the beauty of the heart of God, we will be given entrance to the happiness of having learned our lesson of life well. And on Sir Christopher's tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral you will find this sentence: "If you would see my monument, look around you!" Might this church be that kind of church! "Look around you!"

BOOK CHATS

ONE doesn't give just Christmas stories at Christmastime, but books to suit various members of a family. So here is a briefing of just a few books that might make good gifts.

Women in the Modern World, (Their Education and their Dilemmas) by Mirra Komarovsky, published by Little, Brown & Co. This is a searching social analysis by Dr. Komarovsky, Professor of Sociology at Barnard College and Columbia University. She gives a wealth of concrete and authentic examples of problems which women encounter at all periods of their lives. She offers a keen interpretation of the factors that make for success or failure in the classroom, on the job and in the home. She shows that a sympathetic understanding of men's problems is indispensable to a happy solution of the women's problems. She brings objectivity, humanity and a great understanding to one of the major dilemmas of our time. Women on their own account and mothers on their daughter's account will find this book helpful.

The Mature Woman. (Her Richest Years) by Dr. Anna K. Daniels, published by Prentice-Hall, carries this interesting sentence on the cover: "You don't have to be *young* to be *happy.*" Dr. Daniels shows, by practical experience and counsel, the amazing wealth of living that can and should be enjoyed by today's mature woman. She has broad sympathies, common sense and wit. She is one of the most famous women gynecologists in America. She has been associated with many hospitals, is the author of numerous publications written for the medical profession, is the mother of three daughters and grandmother to five children.

In October, Duell, Sloan and Pearce-Little, Brown & Co. published *Our Will Rogers.* It is an informal story of Will Rogers written by an old friend who has checked all the facts and come up with a life-size picture of the Will Rogers all America loved. Homer Croy, the author, was born on a farm near Maryville, Missouri, the year the Brooklyn Bridge was built. While working on the farm he began to write things. He is the author of *Jesse James Was My Neighbor* and *He Hanged Them High.* Homer Croy and Will met around 1930, when Hollywood bought Mr. Croy's novel, *They Had to See Paris,* and made it into Will's first talkie. The relationship between author and humorist became a close one, involving not only business but personal affairs. From striking paradoxes in Will Roger's nature, Mr. Croy has set forth a fascinating picture of the man just as he knew him, in full and proper perspective. "I knew he was unique," says Mr. Croy, "but I thought vaguely that this was 'just his way.' Now I want to say, after living over old days and old scenes, that I come away realizing he was a far greater man than I knew. It seems to me he represents the best in American life."

For nature lovers there are two books of interest which have been published recently: *The Best of Two Worlds,* by Joseph Wood Krutch, published by William Sloane Associates. Chapter heads are interesting: "Things That Go Bump in the Night;" "The Harmless Necessary Mouse;" "Don't Expect too Much From a Frog;" "Not as Dumb as you Think," and so forth.

The other book, *Circle of the Seasons,* (The Journal of a Naturalist's Year) by Edwin Way Teale, published by Dodd, Mead & Co. Whether you are a naturalist or not, without a doubt after reading this book the sequence of the seasons will be a more vivid experience; ever after you will see more around you, even in your own back yard. You will find the answer to such questions as how a starling's bill turns yellow in the spring, why snow squeaks under your feet on a cold winter day, what makes the ring around the moon, and answers to hundreds of other things you have wondered about. Better than that, you will understand the whole interlocking, synchronized sequence of nature's year. The book contains many, many beautiful photographs.

To interest the children in the Bible stories, there is a very beautiful book both as to format and colored illustrations, published by Simon and Schuster, entitled *The Golden Bible for Children,* The New Testament. This is a giant golden book, edited and arranged by Elsa Jane Werner, with illustrations by Alice and Martin Provensen. It is profusely and beautifully illustrated on every single page, in oriental colorings. The illustrations are bound to impress the story on the child's mind. The stories are told in simple straightforward language, keeping the meaning of the Scriptures and the exact words as much as is understandable to a child, but using a simpler word when needed for clearer understanding. For instance, in the Beatitudes, the line "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness," becomes "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after goodness, for they shall have their fill." Under a heading "Do Good Secretly," we read "Take care that you do not do your good deeds in public, in order to be seen by others; otherwise you will have no reward from your Father in Heaven. When you give charity, do not sound a trumpet before yourself as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, to have the applause of men. I tell you truly, they have their reward in that. But when you give charity, do not let your left hand know what your right hand is doing, so that your charity may be in secret; and your Father who sees what you do in secret will reward you openly."

DECEMBER BOOK LECTURES

DECEMBER 2—"Bravo My Monster"—Oscar Tarkov
DECEMBER 9—"Whole Man Goes to Work"—H. L. Nunn
DECEMBER 16—"The Greatest Thing in the World"—Henry Drummond
DECEMBER 23—"The Other Wise Man"—Henry van Dyke
DECEMBER 30—(No book lecture)

THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS WERE RECEIVED INTO THE PEOPLES CHURCH NOV. 1, 1953

Mrs. Ethel Allen, of Decatur, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert James Burns, of Oak Park, Ill.
Miss Carol Anne Burns, of Oak Park, Ill.
Mr. Robert W. Burns, of Oak Park, Ill.
Mrs. James Day
Mr. and Mrs. Quentin S. Doty
Mr. and Mrs. Lester Grooms
Miss Elizebeth Harvey
Mr. Glen Henricks, from Nicolai Evangelical & Reformed Church
Mrs. Glen Henricks, from United Brethren Church, Granger, Iowa
Mrs. Louise M. Jones, River Forest, Ill.
Mrs. Jeannette Kraus
Mrs. John J. Moser
Miss Dorothy Rhoda Neu
Mrs. William Nixon, from First Methodist Church, Laurel, Miss.
Miss Martha Pankey
Mrs. Ruth C. Zarr

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

SUCH a gorgeous, sunny day greets the eye as I glance from the Study windows at this writing, it is difficult to visualize what it well may be like on the day you will read these words.

We will all be thinking of Christmas by the time this Liberalist is in your hands; we will be trying to think what the world would be like if we could keep the Christmas spirit of love in our hearts all the year 'round.

Last summer in Switzerland I had three definite visions of what it might be like. The first vision was when I took the trip to Adelboden, in the Bernese Oberland, and visited the International Girl Scout Chalet.

Thuma Prichard, of 2344 N. Normandy Avenue, in Chicago, is a Girl Scout Leader. She has three little daughters who are Scouts. When she heard I was going to Switzerland, she got me to promise to visit the International Girl Scout Chalet at Adelboden. And she did me a great favor! I wouldn't have missed it for the world. It was one of my loveliest trips.

There was first the short trip across the Lac du Thoune, to Spiez; and I don't think there is a more beautiful lake in all Switzerland—and I saw eight of their loveliest lakes at close range—than is the Lac du Thoune. Then I took a tram car "straight up" to the railroad depot at Spiez. From there, by train to Frütigen. Thence by autobus up into the mountains to Adelboden. It was a rainy day, but that couldn't spoil the beauty of that bus trip. Sheer rock towered above us on the right, a straight drop down for hundreds of feet on the left, a winding road that kept you fervently praying the driver was alert and would neither send you headlong into the rock on the right, or dashing over the precipice on the left. You couldn't worry too much about the driver for gasping at the beauty of the views out through the front windows as you gazed up the valley to towering peaks above, mountain sides green with pine trees, and every once in awhile a shimmering, narrow bridal veil waterfall flowing down in a torrent to the river below. Here and there a cloud would dip down into the valley, like a wispy veil dropped from the shoulders of some invisible mountain goddess; then around a hairpin turn you would go and perhaps the sun would come out and shine on a snow peak up in the sky, and one wondered how she could stand so much beauty anyhow.

There is a very beautiful little resort at Adelboden and I was glad I made the mistake of not getting off at the bridge which my notes said I should have done. That is, I was glad until, after wandering through a beautiful hotel, and making some inquiries, I met a woman and her daughter who told me I had come too far up the mountain; that it would be necessary to walk back down the road to the bridge and then go "straight up" ("you've got a stiff walk," said she) to the Chalet.

I had to hold onto a fence going down, part of the way, to keep from going too fast. Then when I started

up and began to "pant a bit," I decided it was lunch time. Luckily I had brought some lunch with me for such an emergency. So I sat down by the roadside, overlooking Adelboden (for now I was above it) and enjoyed some delicious cheese and bread. A Swiss woman came by and said "Guten apetit?" I smiled and said "Jah!"

Some Girl Scouts came up the mountain road and assured me it was only 20 minutes farther on. They couldn't fool me. It was sure to take me a full 30 minutes. And it did!

Such a lucky day for me was this, for there was a holiday in a nearby parish and some hundred or more visitors were expected. I say it was lucky, because the girls were to demonstrate some of their country's folk dances to us, all done in the costume of their homeland. There were groups from France, from Holland, from Norway, Canada, England, China, and India. All the festivities took place out on the mountainside, with God's own marvelous backdrop for a curtain. Most of the groups sang a song for their dance accompaniment, except the two girls from India. They used a Victrola record, and were quite the stars of the occasion. Their dresses were fine silk draperies of many colors, with touches of gold here and there; gold cords in the part of their jet black hair, many strings of beads at neck and ankles. The dance was very interpretive, all about nature and flowers, and once it was quite evident from their gestures they were carrying water from the well. It was so beautiful and so exquisitely done that there was a request for its repetition at the end of the program. Clouds or no clouds, I snapped the shutter of my camera again and again, and was rewarded with some mementos of a very happy and delightful day. We broke into groups of six or seven people afterward and refreshments were served.

Now, where does that spirit of Christmas love come in? I was shown about the Chalet before I went home, saw the rooms occupied by the leaders and the large dormitory for the girls. Here were girls from all the countries of the earth, sleeping at night beneath a common roof, or resting in the afternoon after a stiff mountain climb, having their meals together, entertaining guests together. They were learning how alike we all are, and with supervision were enjoying a beautiful vacation together. How grieved they will be if ever the country of one of these "foreign" friends of theirs enters into a war against their own land. What a tragedy this would be in the hearts of those who have met and loved each other and played, studied, worked and laughed together.

That was only one of these International groups I visited.

I stayed for some days at Churwalden, and visited, dined and went mountain climbing with college students of the Albert Schweitzer College, about which Dr. Bradley told his congregation in the sermon published in the November issue and in his "Along the Way" article. I witnessed this lovely companionship among young men and women from many lands.

The third International group I visited was the Pestalozzidorf, or village at Trögen, a little east of the lovely old city of St. Gallen in northeast Switzerland — the Appenzell region.

During the last world war a Swiss conceived the idea there should be an International village where the homeless refugee children of all nations might be brought and sheltered, cared for and educated. The Swiss people accepted the challenge and there it is. I went into the French house, where there is a French-speaking mother of the house, and where French children are taught in their native tongue. There is a house for each nationality. Yet when they play together, all nationality is forgotten—they gradually learn to understand each other's language and grow to love each other, because of their common human interests.

With all this Internationalism Switzerland has also a great spirit of nationalism. I spent a very memorable day in old St. Gallen on the day they were celebrating the 150th anniversary of their joining the Swiss Confederation. There were hundreds and hundreds of people in the streets early in the morning, as we all rushed to the cloisters of the great cathedral. Six trumpeters blared forth resounding notes from the high tower, as the proceedings began. We stood for three hours, sometimes in the pouring rain, with sometimes a break in the showers, while the ceremony proceeded, with music, speaking chorals, and proclamations.

Every canton of Switzerland was represented with its individual flag. Switzerland, though only twice the size of Massachusetts, has 22 cantons, or states. Every state has its flag and on all patriotic occasions (and at other gatherings as well) not only the Swiss flag, with its white cross on a red background, will be shown, but the flags of the 22 cantons in addition. So the cloisters were very colorful as individuals massed near the platform held their individual banners, and all along the walls of the buildings were streamers of all the cantons.

At the close of the ceremonies we all streamed through the streets again to get refreshment before the afternoon parade should begin. Tables were set up everywhere for those who had brought their lunches, stands somewhat like our hot-dog stands were set up here and there, with temporary stove arrangements, and the whole city was agog.

From my second-story hotel room I watched the entire parade, as it rounded the corner: the most colorful, historic, medieval pageant I have ever seen. There were eighty separate entries in this parade, depicting the history of Switzerland.

Ever since returning home I have been possessed of the idea that we should do something like it in America. What a parade we could have! I didn't even know what the flag of my own state, Illinois, looked like. I went to considerable trouble to find out. I am told it is a white background, with a gold edge, and has a profile view of an eagle on it, clutching a streamer. I can't tell you what words are on the streamer, but perhaps you know. I'm sure every little child in Switzerland knows well what the flag of his canton is like. A little fellow used to go by my apartment every morning on his way to the store, market basket strapped to his back, knapsack fashion, and carrying aloft the flag of Berne, with its black bear. Hilterfingen, where I was then staying is in the canton of Berne, where is also the capital of Switzerland by the same name.

Recently I had the opportunity of attending a tea in Wilmette at which Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt addressed the group on the subject of the United Nations and what it is doing. In response

to a question she stated that the most important thing we could do was to teach our young people good human relations; that more and more are our young people going to have opportunities in the years to come to go into foreign countries in official positions. It was her opinion that our young people needed to know more about the background of other countries and the way their people lived; and that it was appalling the lack of good human relations shown by some of our young people stationed in other countries.

What is good human relations but a consideration for the other fellow? We have it at Christmastime. Can we not cultivate it the year 'round? I'm sure we can if we dwell on the idea a little oftener.

* * *

Should you happen to be a program chairman in your club, the first letter from our mail bag will be of great interest to you. It comes from one of our Chicago poets, Mr. Frank H. Keith, of 2411 S. Drake Avenue:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was so nice to hear your voice on our radio again last Sunday. Mrs. Keith and I have spoken of you so often during your absence and we have said a little prayer for your return.

As for us, my daughter Joy and I are still entertaining clubs and various religious groups with poetry and cartoons. Joy is eight now and she has perfected the lettering trick of printing upside down, backwards, and reflecting any simple word presented by her audience. I think that no other child in the world can do it. However, we have learned that talent requires that all-important break, and we are still hoping to land on a five minute spot on some TV program each week with the strange things we do.

I am enclosing a copy of "The Tree" which you will probably find worth using. Since you asked that I send something to you occasionally, I'm afraid you're going to have to read something of mine now and then . . . after all, in this old world one gets so little encouragement. "The Tree" has evoked so much kind comment that I feel you might like to have a copy to keep in your files.

Hoping to see you again some morning during your church year, I am

Most sincerely,

Frank.

THE TREE

Some people touch a tree and find
But wood to feed a fire;
Yet, carpenters can feel a floor
Or sense a soaring spire . . .

The sculptor looks upon its trunk
And carvings fill the air,
While others come and see the hearts
Which lovers whittled there . . .

The farmer reaches for its fruit,
The traveler seeks its shade,
The boy can see a raft of logs
On streams of flowing jade . . .

The outdoorsman will think of crafts
To blunt an ocean's rage;
The pharmacist will see its roots,
The publisher, a page . . .

The bird finds one beloved branch;
But mothers see the beds
Wherein, at nightfall, they will tuck
Their precious curlyheads . . .

The artist grasps the golden flame
That leaves of autumn toss;
And some, whose souls are deep as Time,
Can see a Saviour's Cross.

Frank H. Keith

* * *

Some of our members will remember the beautiful and original program given in Anderson Hall last winter by Gene Chloupek, the "genial salesman and collector of unusual musical instruments," who is the star and impresario of his own "Crazy Quilt Sympho-

Nutics." You will enjoy this letter from him I know:

Dear Sky Pilot:

What a wonderful spiritual lift you must have given that dear little soul May Ferguson of Belvidere, Ill., Sunday the 4th, in your radio sermon.

This dear little heroic frail wisp of a woman! She told me about your visit when I dropped in for a few moments Monday noon, Sept. 4th, and no doubt you were given an inspiration as I was too. At that she had a cold, and in spite of her fading eyesight she smiled and enjoyed the singing of my little Swiss bird. She told me that she wasn't going across the river Jordan alone. She asked me to come back again, that her door was always open.

That evening at Rockford I had a wonderful time where I gave my little show under the sponsorship of the Lions Club to about 15 blind folks. The end of the week I was over at Jacksonville where I entertained over 200 children at the State School for the blind. I was with them for more than four hours and their response when they came up to "see" and play my instruments was just terrific. I've been with fourteen groups of the blind since August of '52, and each time I leave them I feel that I'm walking up in the clouds of magnificent inspirations.

It's good to have you back, Spiritual Skipper of the Air. Would love to have a little visit with you sometime, and see your "Lady Friday," Ethel Smalley.

Cheerio,

Gene.

On Gene Chloupek's letterhead there are listed the names of 58 groups to whom he has given one or more shows in 1953. The towns visited range from Nashville and Louisville in the South, to Minneapolis in the North; and from Kansas City and Des Moines in the West, to Boston and New York in the East.

He puts a postscript on his letter which reads, "Yours for the love of little children—the crippled, the handicapped, the lonely and the blind. You'll find it so much fun to help and play with them—*today*—and your reward—such peace of mind and love for all mankind." I'm sure that last message was meant for everybody. A lonely child is a sad little sight. Perhaps we can all help somewhere.

* * *

Della Stahle Mlyniec, of Lisle, Illinois, a member of the church for many years, sent Dr. Bradley the following poem she wrote, entitled "I Am America." It begins with the quest of the Pilgrims and evaluates America. It seems appropriate on this closing month of the year, as we take inventory of our stock, to think about our worth here in America:

I Am America!

I am America.
I am the quest of the Pilgrims.
I am their faith turned toward me, as their ships were turned toward my shore.
I am the blood of white, red and black men that enriches my soil.
I am the courage of the pioneers who cut my roads from east to west.
I am the sacrifice of white crosses around the world.
I am the prayer my soldier lives, knows, and is willing to defend.
I am a philosopher speaking of the brotherhood of man.
I am a way of life where each man finds his own way to God.
I am teacher, banker, merchant; all alike in our love of freedom.
I am a farmer holding the bread basket for the world's hungry.
I am the skill and ingenuity of my workers—a match for the best in the world.
I am a refuge and open my arms to all the world's oppressed.
I am a song, the song of many people from many lands.
I am the laughter of my children.
I am the voice of all my people.
I belong to no king but to my little people.

I am as old as the fundamental truths on which I am founded.
I am as young as my mistakes.
I am the discord of my own dissatisfactions.
I am the despair of my enemies because I want peace with liberty and justice.
I am God's trust; hope of the world.
I am a watcher at its gate.
I am a candle in its dark window.
I am pride holding my flag high for all the world to respect.
I am the humility of Lincoln.
I am great and my greatness overshadows my weaknesses.
I am grateful for I've been blessed!
I am America!

* * *

The next is a note of gratitude:

My dear Mr. Bradley:

This is just a note to express my warm personal appreciation for the outstanding job you did in handling the auction of Copy No. 1 of "The Compleat Angler" and, as well, for the magnificent way in which you brought our banquet to an inspiring and stimulating close.

I know of no one in this League, or outside it for that matter, who could have done either job with such power and finesse.

My hat is off to you, sir, in humble admiration and gratitude.

Sincerely,

Robert O. Beatty, Editor,
OUTDOOR AMERICA.

* * *

Out pops a letter addressed to myself. It is on United States Navy stationery, and postmarked Misawa, Japan.

Dear Miss Smalley:

I have just settled down in my new base in Misawa, Japan. Through the past two months I have been traveling from Chicago across our country to San Francisco and then across the Pacific to Yokohama.

As I walked off the big transport in Yokohama a sergeant handed me a pack of mail which had come by air-mail while we were steaming across the water. Mother had sent a fat envelope which included the Liberalist along with the letter.

I didn't read the Liberalist until this Sunday morning, since everything about me was so new and different, and I've been busy getting to my destination.

This morning I straightened out my accumulated papers and sat down to read the sermon on "The Sweet Mystery of Life." Dr. Bradley certainly hasn't lost his ability to say something wonderfully uplifting! I like his question of "Would you have missed life?" and then the final conclusion of the Echo Lake where we can choose our own echo.

I was happy to hear that you are still pitching for Dale Carnegie Chapter No. 5. I remember doing a lot of things at the club meeting that I at first feared to do and how I finally overcame my fears. I hope sometime to see you folks again at the club, and to greet you again in the Peoples Church.

S/Sgt. William Gylleck.

Bill Gylleck was a regular attendant at the Sunday evening services. His parents live in a home high up on a hill overlooking the Fox River. His father is a well known architect. Bill wanted to be a restaurant owner and was living in the city while studying the restaurant business from the ground up. Then he decided to do his duty in the Navy. He is a fine young chap, with high ideals, and I'm sure he will make good in the business of living a fine and useful life. Perhaps some of our readers would like to surprise him with a letter.

* * *

Dr. Bradley's listeners are always so kind about helping to fill any requests he makes over the air. So you will like

to read this grateful letter:
Dear Dr. Bradley:

Mr. Harrison brought me the requested wheel chair this morning and all I can say is "Thank you." Were I as eloquent as you, I could use a lot of beautiful language, but I assure you my "thank you" comes direct from my heart and means just as much as though I could say it better.

I realize what a busy man you are, and yet never too busy to do a kind deed. God bless you and take care of you. Thanking you again, I remain

Sincerely yours,
Bessie Muehlig,
Hollywood Convalescent Home.

* * *

The following letter, which enclosed a generous church offering, expressed the views of an out-of-town listener regarding the shortened Sunday service:
Dear Dr. Bradley:

We listened to your inspiring church service last Sunday and are glad to state that we especially like the new arrangement of the one hour service as we are quite old fashioned about our Sunday dinner, which we usually have at 12 o'clock or thereabouts, as we arise quite early on Sunday mornings, especially these beautiful Autumn days in Wisconsin, so that we may enjoy as much of Sunday as possible out of doors. Hence, the new one-hour service is very convenient for us, because our Sunday service is always completed before our Sunday dinner.

We know that with your sincere personal appeal and eloquence you will be able to give us the usual one hour and thirty minutes worth in the more closely packed hour. In any case, irregardless of the length or time of the service we will always be listening. Enclosed is our personal check.

Wishing you and the Peoples Church only the very best of everything and being most grateful for your inspiring messages each Sunday, we are as always,

Sincerely yours,
James Sorenson, Cinltonville, Wis.

* * *

And now, for Christmas and all the year, "God bless us, every one," and grant us that peace which only understanding and love can bring.

Along The Way

(*Continued from page* 6)

people to carry on the finest traditions of the Irish soul and spirit. I shall never forget this McCormick family and we shall go back to see them again some day.

Dr. Agnew had parked his car on the side of what was little more than a trail, and on starting, the wheels sank down into the damp earth, and it was necessary for the whole family to come out and help us on our way. The young man Patrick, strong, willing, smiling, could lift the little car almost alone. As I looked back into the darkness, when our car finally started, I could imagine them wending their way back into a house which is more than a house—it is a home! For even though it is humble by all the standards of wealth and prosperity, it is one of the richest homes I have ever been in, for love is there and happiness and peace.

* * *

May your heart be light,
Your lips framed with laughter,
Your mind at peace, and
The best this world has to offer
Be yours on Christmas Day!

* * *

DR. BRADLEY'S JANUARY SERMON SERIES

Dr. Bradley has planned for the month of January a series of Sunday morning sermons which are the most vital he has ever presented. The general theme will be "FIVE KEYS TO VICTORY!" All of the sermons will be interrelated. Inasmuch as they begin on the first Sunday of the New Year, it is suggested that one of your New Year's Resolutions might be "I will attend the Sunday morning services all during the year." If you attend these five Sunday mornings, the Sunday-Morning Church-Going Habit will be formed and church-going from then on will be a definite pattern in your life. These sermons will be exceptionally practical and will help build the foundation for a triumphant 1954 in your life.

FIVE KEYS TO VICTORY

January 3—"Are You a Highbrow or a Lowbrow?"

January 10—"Do You Cheer or Do You Jeer?"

January 17—"Are You the Doughnut or the Hole?"

January 24—"Are You a Wet-Blanket or a Stimulator?"

January 31—"Are You a Thermometer or a Thermostat?"

For Christmas

"LORD, make me an instrument of Thy peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love. Where there is doubt, faith. Where there is despair, hope. Where there is darkness, light. And where there is sadness, joy.

"O DIVINE MASTER, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."

—St. Francis of Assisi

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

OCTOBER

1—Address. High School Assembly. High School Auditorium, Emmetsburg, Iowa.
Address. Banquet, Izaak Walton League of America. High School Gymnasium. Emmetsburg, Iowa.
Radio Address. KSIP, Emmetsburg.
4—Morning Service. Peoples Church 27th Anniversary of Dedication of Church Building.
Sermon. Granville Avenue Methodist Church.
5—Funeral.
6—Address. North Shore Kiwanis Club.
Address. Business and Professional Woman's Club. Anderson Hall. Peoples Church.
8—Book Review. The Fair Store Auditorium.
9—Radio Address.
Sick calls.
10—Wedding.
11—Morning Service. Peoples Church Christening.
Wedding.
Sermon. Warren Ave. Congregational Church.
12—Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library.
13—Address. Professional and Business Woman's Club. Hotel Faust.
15—Address. County Teacher's Institute. Hanover, Illinois.
16—Two Addresses.
Church School Dinner.
Peoples Church.
TV program WBBM-TV Channel 2 with Kupcinet of Sun-Times.
Conference.
17—Funeral.
Conference re Albert Schweitzer College.
Wedding.
18—Morning service. Peoples Church.
Address. First Congregational Church and Unitarian Fellowship, Decatur, Illinois.
19—Address. Bloom Township High School. Freshmen & Sophomores Chicago Heights.
Address. Bloom Township High School. Chicago Heights. Juniors and Seniors.
20—Address. Borrowed Time Club. Evanston, Illinois.
Wedding.
Address. Menorah Temple.
21—Funeral.
Address. Germania Club Dinner.
22—Meeting. Judges, Musical Courier Committee.
Address. Annual Homecoming Dinner. Ravenswood Congregational Church.
23—Anniversary Address. Metropolitan Community Church. 41st & So. Parkway.
24—Funeral.
Wedding.
25—Morning Service. Peoples Church Address. Ebenezer A.M.E. Church, Evanston.
Address. 33rd Anniversary Choir of Metropolitan Community Church.
26—Chicago Public Library Board Meeting.
Reception to Emmett Dedmon, Author.
Men's Club. Peoples Church.
27—Address. Chamber of Commerce Banquet. Burlington, Wis.
29—Address. Orpheum Theatre, Omaha, Neb. General Session, Nebraska State Educ. Assoc.
Address. "Y" for retired teachers Neb. State Educ. Assoc.
Hunt Room, Fontanelle Hotel, Omaha. Delta Kappa Gamma Dinner.
30—Address. City Auditorium. General Session. Neb. St. Educ. Assoc.
Address. Neb. St. Educ. Assoc.

FUNERALS

5—Charles W. Shaffer
17—Mrs. Dorothy Haw Shipley
21—Mrs. Jeane Weber
24—Charles Steinmetz

WEDDINGS

10—Thurza Gallagher and Hadley Smarr
11—Donna Henson and Clive Follmer
17—Helen Blanchard and Walter Koenig
20—Marlies Eisenacher and George Stanton
24—Dawn Jeanetta Wood and Frank Louis Cella

CHRISTENINGS

11—Marilyn Gale Romen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Romen
25—Robert James Marttila, son of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Marttila

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent ..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service—Not Broadcast ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, Dec. 7, Art Department.
"Opera at 8:30." Barre Hill, Director ..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 21, Christmas Party. Veterans and Volunteers Department ..... 1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Next Meeting, Monday, January 25 ..... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday, Dec. 8, "The Beauty of Switzerland, Kodachrome Slides and a Travel Talk by Ethel Wells Smalley .... 8:00 p.m.

Uptown Players Drama Tea—Sunday, Dec. 13 ..... 4:00 p.m.
Presenting the Jack and Jill Players in a Mystery Drama, "Nine Girls," directed by Franklin W. Adams

The Uptown Players, J. Bradey-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Friday ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Mr. Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning, entire church service ..... 11:00 a.m.—12:00 noon

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